Youth's Department.

Conducted by Lottie Holsinger.

Song of the Trailing Arbutus.

Good morrow, neighbor Crowfoot;
We have had a charming rain.
How delightful to be able
To lift one's face again
To the light, and look around one
On the swift, reviving earth,
And to mark the wondrous beauties
Which the spring calls into birth.

I have just peeped out this morning
From this thicket of dead leaves,
And the cheery vernal sunshine
A new joy to being gives.
The blue birds and the robins
Lured me oft with tuneful lay,
Sly insects have been whispering,
"Night has vanished, greet the day."

I've been prinking, I've been pranking,
And arranging my costume,
And I know it is more lovely
Than ought else I could assume.
In the darkness I was growing,
Forming leaves, preparing bloom;
I was tinting my soft petals,
Brewing nectar and perfume.

When the snows were heaped above me,
I wrought on right busily,
So that when the season opened
I might look becomingly;
For Dame Nature sets her children
Earth's fair garniture to weave,
And though humbled and sequestered,
My small part I must achieve.

Let us join in Earth's grand chorus;
Let us praise God and be glad;
Surely no one in the springtime
Should be out of tune, or sad.

—*C. M. P.*

Our Scripture Lesson For April 27th.

Read 1 Cor. 1: 17-31.

After Paul left Corinth, Apollos had preached there and gone away and we see in 1 Cor. 16: 12 that Paul wants him to come again to Corinth. The first words in our lesson may cause some to think that baptism is of little importance. Paul was one of the Lord's chosen, and it was necessary that he gave no opportunity to the busy ones to report evil of him. 1 Cor. 1: 14. Paul was called to preach, any of his brethren could baptize, but not all had the gift or power to win believers.

We learn from this part of Paul's sermon that we cannot get religion by becoming learned men and women, but learning may help us to enjoy religion.

Men do not need so much preaching on baptism as they do concerning their sins, forgiveness, the death and love of Christ.

The ignorant can understand Christianity and the poorest can enjoy the peace and contentment that true religion affords, so that they will be envied by the rich, causing the rich to become poor for Christ's sake.

Read 1 Cor. 8: 1—13.

In this chapter we have a lesson on humility. Especially are we taught in the second verse not to over-estimate our own worth, that when we say, "this one thing I know," we subject ourselves to the criticism of being self-conceited, bigoted, and when being engaged in a good work it will weaken our influence and take from the cause we advocate.

Christ's love for man caused him to humble himself, and His humility brought him to the cross. And our love for our fellowmen must make us humble, that we will not seek to do service for the rich and wise, but that we instruct the ignorant, and offer our hand to those in poverty.

No matter how we like anything, if it causes any one to sin, we must abandon it; if we do not we are as bad as he who sins. The man who drinks "only a little to make him feel good," as far as his example or the result is concerned, is worse than he who lies in the gutter with his senses gone, and his soul almost steeped in degradation; for, we are then able to see the ugly side of drinking, while on the other side we can only see that this man drinks wine, and likes it and rather exhibits strength by not drinking too much. Those who drink are offensive to us, yet we must not refuse help to them, for true Christianity is willing to sacrifice self at any time for the good of fallen ones.

Commit verses two and thirteen.

Having had no poem sent for this week, I select one from my scraps; thinking it will cause many to think of their everyday blessings, and influence them to feel glad for the bright "tints of the times." To any one who has ever been so favored as to live in mountainous districts, the mention of spring's sweetest blossoms—Trailing Arbutus—will bring to memory bright dreams of huge gray rocks, brown earth, and pink, waxen petals shining upward among dead leaves, with such sweet fragrance filling the air that one forgets that life is not one grand, sweet dream.

And these little episodes in our lives create desires within us to live better lives, to become more like the perfection we see around us. Whose heart is not filled with love and gratitude when beholding the petals of a pure, white lily? These innocent blossoms with their pure lives are fair examples for us all. God gave us flowers, and they are ours, whether we live in palaces or cottages. No hot-house plant can surpass the fragrance that the pure spring atmosphere gives the Violet or Arbutus, nor can its freshness surpass the Field Daisy.

Cultivate a love for flowers and your mind can easily be taught to detect the pure and true in life.

The story of "Jamie, the Sailor Boy," is one that I would like to urge my little friends to remember, and never forget the lesson it teaches; and that, to be brave in a good work. Jamie should not haye said his prayers just to show the rough sailors that he said them; nor should we do good only to let others see it. That is wrong, and by it we do more harm than good. Our prayers will not be heard if we do not mean every word that we say. If we all obeyed the command Jamie's mother gave him, "Say your prayers and trust in God," we would have little to regret in the past, and nothing to fear in the future. I wonder if all the little boys and girls who read this say their prayers every night and morning. If it be only one minute, let your first and last act in the day be to kneel and acknowledge Him who gives you life. You ask him at night to keep you till the dawn of another day, and in the morning kneel and thank Him for his kind protection, and to help you to do your duty through the day that has just opened. You will find your morning prayers will help you to keep from many little things that you should not do, during the day.

We have been one lesson behind in the international course, on account of not knowing the correct chapter when we began. So as to have the same lesson that others have, we must study two regular lessons for next Sunday.

To commit a verse from the Bible in one day is not much, and yet if we do this so that we are able to say six on Sunday, in one year we will find that we have advanced, and will not feel sorry for the time thus spent.

Who will begin with me next Monday to commit the grand sermon on the mount, St. Matthew, 5th chapter; learning the first verse on Monday, second, on Tuesday, and so on, one for each day until Sunday, and then recite the six to some one, either at home or Sunday school.

Lost.

Lost yesterday, between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty jeweled minutes. No reward is offered as they are gone forever.

Letter from Aunt Laura.

My dear Young Friends: I am afraid some of you are beginning to think Aunt Laura negligent in her duty towards the EVANGELIST. An unusual amount of other duties seem to have accumulated of late, which accounts for my delay in writing. I have watched and read with much interest the Youth's department; and now that so goodly a number have responded to its call, and are, I trust, still willing to continue in trying to make it a means of doing much good, I pick up my pen with renewed courage, this Monday morning, casting all other duties aside for a few moments, to tell you that my heart is full of love for you all; and am sorry that I have not time at present to tell you some of the many things which I would like to tell you. Perhaps I never told you that I have for some months past had charge of the infant class in the M. E. Sabbath school. There are twenty or more bright little faces there every Sunday morning, to be made still brighter by having their little hearts made glad by a bit of good news. Some time ago I asked them to tell me what they knew or thought about heaven? They all, with the exception of two or three, who said "it is nice there," replied by saying they didn't know anything about heaven. So you see *that* at once, opened up a large and pleasant field for me to work in. Heaven to the Christian is everything, because Jesus is there. We have been talking about the beautiful streets and rivers, and one little girl said, "There'll be no night there, because Jesus is the light." Let us all set our faces towards heaven; think much of its joys and beauties, and not hope to get there by *backing away from hell.* Jesus expects us to give him the *affections* of our hearts if we would enjoy heaven, and I don't think any other plan would be safe to try. Yesterday, being Easter, the minister preached a sermon to the children about Jesus. We older ones enjoyed it very much, too.

I cannot answer my "nieces" separately, this time, but hope they will let us hear from them soon and often again. I shall sit for my picture soon. Wonder if I shall receive any more orders. E. Stella you shall not be disappointed.

I will close for this time by saying, let us do all we can from time to time, to encourage and support the EVANGELIST. Won't Emma Overholt let us hear from her again. Hoping you will excuse haste, I am

AUNT LAURA.

Letters from the Children

As I noticed the letters in the Youth's Department, I thought I would write one for it. I live two and a half miles from La Paz. I go to school and study arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, reading, writing and spelling. I live half a mile from the schoolhouse, which is a pleasant as well as a healthy walk before and after school in nice weather. Our school closes in two weeks. Our school teacher's name is Demas D. Bates, and I like him very much. We had Sabbath school last summer and I committed 834 verses from the Bible. Z.E. Abbott was superintendent, and also teacher of our class and I liked him very well.

I noticed questions asked in the letter from Waterloo, Iowa. Ezra, seventh chapter, twenty-first verse, contains all the letters of the alphabet, except the letter j. The second question I am unable to answer, will some one please answer it. Answer to the third, "Jesus wept," John 11: 35. What two chapters in the Old Testament are alike with the exception of a few words?

What is the middle book of the Old Testament?

WILLIE HOSTETLER.

La Paz, Ind.

Your letter is very interesting, Willie. Did you mean to say that you committed eight hundred and thirty-four verses during the summer? That would be more than twenty verses a week and must have taken much of your play time. The little boy from Waterloo will be glad to have his questions answered, and no doubt will answer the second question for you.

I see in the little folks' column a good many nice letters and I like to read them very much, for this way we can see what each one is doing.

The United Brethren will commence their Sabbath school at the chapel, on the 13th of this month. I will attend their Sunday school, for I dearly love to go to Sabbath school. There are many little boys and girls who haven't got the privilege that I have to go to Sabbath school.

My uncle and aunt belong to the Brethren church, and that is the way I get to read the paper. We have no Brethren church house here yet.

I will say to the little boys and girls, write often for I like to read them. I am a little girl nine years old.

The 19th of April brother Gordon is going to have meeting at the Albright church. I think they are good and kind to open their house for the Brethren.

NELLIE A. CLARK,

Cambridge, City, Ind.

Nellie says she likes to read the letters in the Youth's Department, and by her actions we see that she knows the Golden Rule; she is not willing to alone enjoy the letters but writes one that others may have the same opportunity.

You do well, Nellie, to attend the Sabbath School of the United Brethren. If you are attentive, they will teach you many nice things that will be good for you to know. I am pleased that you appreciate your opportunities. I hope sometime you may have a Brethren church near you.

We wish much success to brother Gordon's work among you. Yes, the Albright brethren were kind to open their house to us. And it shows they are desirous of doing good, whether it be done by themselves or their brethren, only so that it be done to the glory of God.

I thought it would be pleasant for me to write to the EVANGELIST; for I see so many of the children are writing.

I am 11 years old. My mother died the 5th of April, her name was Eleanor Freeland, nee Eleanor Nordech. I have two brothers dead, and three sisters living, and a baby brother twelve days old.

LAURA A. FREELAND.

Terra Alta, W. Va.

We are glad Laura enjoys writing for our paper, and hope she will ever take pleasure in contributing for it. In this way she will help us and we, in return, may be able to assist her in some way. It is very sad to lose a mother at any time, but at Laur'r's age, a mother's love and patience is most needed. Be a good girl, Laura, and some day you will meet with your mother and little brothers in that bright and happy home, where death is not, and sorrow never comes.

Are your sisters younger than you are?

As my other letter was printed I thought I would write again. I go to Sunday school, and I like to go. It is a very nice place for all children to go and learn about Jesus. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church, and I expect to sometime when I get a little older, if I live. I do not go to school now, our winter term is out. I hope I can come to Ashland sometime. I hope I may have something better to write another time, so I will close by asking a few questions:

Who are the Gentiles?

Where did Christ first preach?

How many letters are there in the New Testament?

ELMA ARMSTRONG.

Atwood, Ind.

Your second letter is welcome as will also be the third. We are glad to tell Elma that her last letter is an improvement on her first, and this fact should encourage. I am glad she attends Sunday school and hope she may be able to learn much about Jesus and his love for little children.

You are not too young to *think* of church relations. Attend Sunday school, learn all you can about heaven and our duty to each other, and in this way prepare yourself for the first great step in Christian life. I too hope you may be successful in coming to Ashland to attend school. Will always be glad to hear from you, Elma.

Jamie, the Sailor Boy.

In a very small village, there lived a little Scotch boy named Jamie. His mother loved him, and he loved his mother. This little boy wanted to be a sailor. His mother did not like the idea of losing her little Jamie, but he had read so much about sailors and about foreign lands that he said,—

"O mother, I do want to be a sailor!" and at last his mother said, "Jamie, you shall go." She gave him her blessing, and added:

"Jamie, wherever you are, whether at sea, or on land, never forget to acknowledge your God; and give me your promise that you will kneel down every night on shipboard and say your prayers. If the sailors laugh at you don't mind; say your prayers and trust in God."

Little Jamie looked up to his mother, the tears trickling down his cheeks, and said, "Mother, I promise you I will."

The boy went on board a ship bound for India. They had a good captain and some very good sailors, and when little Jamie knelt down at night, there was no one who laughed at him. He had an easy time of it then. But coming back from India, some of the sailors deserted, and the captain had to get fresh ones; among them there was a very bad fellow. The first night when the sailors were going to their berths, seeing little Jamie kneel down to say his prayers, he went up to him, and giving him a box on the ear, said,—

"None of that here, sir."

Now among the crew there was another sailor, a swearing man, I am sorry to say, but I think he had been taught what was right when he was a lad. He came up to this bad fellow who had struck the boy, and said:

"Come on deck, and I will give you a thrashing;" and they went on deck.

Now I am not approving of the fight but these men did fight, and the swearing sailor whipped the one who boxed the little fellow. Then they came back again into the cabin, and the swearing man said,—

"Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you I will dress him."

Well, the next night Jamie said to himself, "I don't like to make any disturbance on board ship; I will say my prayers in my berth; I won't kneel down before the sailors, I will get into my hammock and say my prayers to myself."

Now was that wise? Was that fearless? But mark the effect it had on the swearing sailor. The moment he saw little Jamie get into his hammock without saying his prayers, he went up and took him by the neck and dragged him out of the hammock and said,—

"Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?

During the whole voyage back to London, little Jamie had in that reckless, thoughtless sailor, a man who looked after him like a father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. The little fellow began to grow industrious and to read. He said to himself, "Here is a swearing sailor who has reproved me because I did not kneel down boldly before the men." Well, he began to learn all about ropes and ships, and about taking latitude and longitude.

Now let me tell you a little of his history. Some years ago the largest steam-ship ever seen, was built. You remember it—the "Great Eastern". You know that she went across the Atlantic with the wonderful cable. Now who do you think was the captain of that great ship? They wanted the cleverest captain they could find in England, and they selected little Jamie. When the ship came back, after fulfilling her mission, the captain knelt before Queen Victoria, who said, "Rise, Sir James Anderson;" and Sir James Anderson was none other than the little boy I have told you of.—*Home Visitor.*

Puss.

Did you ever think why we call the cat puss? A great many years ago, the people of Egypt, who have many idols, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes change, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full and sometimes only a little bright crescent or half moon as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change? So these people made an idol with the cat's head, and named it Pasht, the same name they gave to the moon; for the word means the face of the moon. That word has been changed to pas or pus, and has come at last to be puss, the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty everywhere. Who ever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her? —*Harpers' Young People.*

New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio.

(Atlantic & Great Western.)

Railroad Time Table.

Adopted November 18th, 1883.

☞ Trains are run on Central or 90th Meridian Time, which is 28 minutes slower than Columbus time, the standard formerly in use by this road.

TRAINS EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No 4	No 6	No 8	No 12
Leave	1 39	9 00am	9 49pm	4 57am
Akron	3 11	12 05pm	11 43	6 47
Kent	3 35	12 55	12 05am	7 30
Ravenna	3 45		12 17	7 42
Arrive.				
Leavitsbrg	4 20		12 55	8 25
Cleveland	6 30			10 20
Youngstwn	5 00		1 50	9 30
Pittsburg	8 02		5 50	12 45pm
Warren Dp	4 32		1 12	8 42am
Greenville	5 40		2 30	9 55
Arrive.				
Meadville	6 30		3 25	10 40
Leave				
Meadville	6 45		3 35	11 10
Union City	7 38		4 37	12 12pm
Corry	7 58		5 00	12 40
Jamestow	8 47		5 57	1 35
Arrive				
Salamanca	9 45		7 10	2 40
Buffalo			10 20	6 50
Rochester			1 58pm	9 20
Elmira	2 51am		1 40	9 05
Bingamptn	4 30		3 19	11 05
Albany	2 20pm			6 00am
Boston				2 45pm
New York	11 10am		10 10pm	6 50am
Boston			6	3 55pm

TRAINS WESTWARD.

STATIONS.	No 1	No 3	No 5	No 11
Leave				
Ashland	8 00am	8 08pm	2 07pm	5 15pm
Mansfield	8 35	8 55	2 37	6 30
Arrive				
Chicago		8 00am		
Leave				
Galion	9 15	9 35pm	3 10	7 30
Marion	9 56	10 18	3 45	
Arrive				
Chicago	8 20pm	8 21am		
Leave				
Urbana	12 03	1 00am	5 08	
Springfield	12 33	1 50	5 32	
Arrive				
Dayton	1 20	3 10	6 10	
Cincinnati	3 40	12 30	8 15	
Louisville	11 40	2 35pm	6 20am	
St Louis	7 20am	6 30	8 10	

Trains No. 3, 4, 5 and 12 run daily., others daily except Sundays.

Palace Sleeping Coaches on Trains No. 3, 4, 5, and 12 between Cincinnati and New York.

Sleeping Coaches on No. 1 and 8 between Chicago and Hornellsville, via Marion and Chicago & Atlantic R'y. Parlor cars betwen Hornellsville and New York.

Pullman Sleeping coaches on Trains No 3 and 12, between Chicago, Albany, New York and Boston, via Marion and Chicago & Atlantic R'y. Also Regular Day Coaches between Chicago and New York without change. No Sleeping Coach between Albany and Boston on Sundays.

Sleeping Coaches on Trains No. 4 and 5 between New York and St. Louis without change.

Hotel coach on trains No. 3 and 12 between Chicago and New York daily, via Mansfield.

Connections at Mansfield with the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago R. R., and at Marion with the Chicago & Atlantic R'y, for Chicago and all points in the Northwest. Connections at Creston with the Wheeling & Lake Erie R. R., for Toledo; at Leavitsburg for Cleveland, Youngstown and Pittsburg; at Meadville for Oil City; at Corry for Titusville; at Jamestown for Buffalo and Niagra Falls; at Salamanca for Bradford and Rochester and Binghamton for Albany and Boston.

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